

Poetry Series

**willow moon pearce**  
**- poems -**

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## willow moon pearce(October 1951)

I worry about this world we are supposed to be looking after and mans inhumanity to each other - it gets worse with absence of tolerance with the ' dove and the hawk 'The space between the rich and the poor is getting wider and causing m remains the same. We need to change. My poetry is I hope close to the point and makes a person think of his current situation. I want and need peace and have seen this world as it is now with sorrow - I do not like what I see.

# 1: 00 Am Prayer.

Oh Lord, before I close my eyes  
On this troubled world,  
Let me possess peace in my heart.  
Make me witness such kindness and love,  
So my eyes fill with tears of joy.  
Turn fear, avarice, violence and racism,  
Into another past in time.  
Deep into a new understanding.  
Stop our brothers and sisters from  
Dying in a dying war,  
And raise hope for the hopeless.  
Give peace to the troubled.  
Let us remember that we are separated,  
By fear, hate, poverty  
And the politicians of a corrupt World.

willow moon pearce

## 3am Thought.

The media have told me  
I will die in the next six or seven years  
I listen intently  
As I will be taken by a tsunami or earthquake.

Will I have time to put the cat out?  
Bring the clothes in?  
Yeah, I'm really bothered  
As long as the 5th avenue up and coming yuppies  
Go with me - I will be content.

I look back at my life - I have never had money,  
But just enough to live  
And to buy books to increase my swollen collection  
I find that I am happy.

I don't walk the street in \$500.00 suits  
A mobile phone glued to my ear.  
Italian shoes are not the shoes I wear  
Boots and leather jacket.  
Come that all fails and I am still alive  
I can still spit in the direction of the successful,  
As they will continue to corrupt and pollute the earth.

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## 44th

I saw my generation  
As a glowing sun.  
My era and music.  
A new start to my life  
And death of the old.  
Heroes appeared and I hoped  
For peace and change  
I believed in peace and change.  
I was awed by my new leaders  
And educated,  
By Robert and Martin.  
Them, destroyed by fear and ignorance,  
Fought for change, but never saw it.  
Murder by southern mad dogs.  
But change came, not what I was looking for,  
Or wanted.  
Mans inhumanity to man,  
Runaway progress.  
No education learnt by past conflicts.  
Wars tired me, racism tired me.  
Oh God, give us peace,  
And let the new shining star  
In the new house prevail.

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## 5am.

Its 5am, its cold and muddy  
I have not had dry feet in two weeks  
Dreams of feather comfortors  
And endless sleep  
Are shattered from the thunder of guns  
And the shouting of the sergeants

My pal known to me from god knows when  
Wants to give me his watch and letters  
' Just in case '  
I wonder if he should have my effects?  
I am standing right next to him.

I press my forehead to the muddy ditch  
And wonder what patriotic speech  
And pipes and drums got me here.  
I must be a puppet, a sheep or just stupid.

The whistle screams and the roar of the men  
Propels me over the ditch  
I don't hear gunfire in this hellish noise  
But a third of my platoon  
Pitch forward on their knees  
I cannot see my friend  
Nor do I see the machine gun round  
That enters my chest, and smashes my spine  
I feel no pain  
But I fall crying for what I am going to lose  
For my sister, who at this moment  
Does not anticipate my end  
In the filth and stink of the Somme.

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# A Brooklyn Building.

The old brownstone has stood  
For over a century.  
Today is its end.  
Broken windows stare blindly  
As preparations for its demise begin.

This building has the memories of Jewish and Irish  
Who come overwhelmed from Ellis Island  
Their languages and smells of ethnic cooking  
Tobacco and the smells of food  
Stay suspended in the unventilated corridors.

Noisy, no hot water or electric light  
The single dirty toilet in the corridor  
But away from the pogroms and sheer terror  
It was still a place to call your own, and put a song in your heart.

Outside, the cobbled streets and vegetable carts,  
With the cry of the vendors and the countless children  
Playing games that have been forgotten  
A simple time - a time which has been forgotten.

It will be turned into a glass and steel fishtank,  
For overweight keep fitters.  
I wish that it could stay,  
As it belongs where it is.

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# A Day In The Life Of Depression (1)

Thick and oppressive  
The blanket of despair  
I know so well,  
Envelopes me, shutting out  
My usual self.

It cannot be explained.  
The usual comebacks,  
'Everybody feels down'  
Tells me I have failed,  
Once again to plead  
For help.

I am fearful and tearful  
I think only in the negative  
I think largely of death.  
Sadness for no reason.

Books and music have no excitement  
I am reduced to tears  
By a helpful hand  
So helpless  
I look for help  
And find none.

My salvation is the referral  
For professional help  
Sedation and gentle treatment  
Help me.  
I am on a path to freedom.

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# A Prayer Of Sorts.

We are all going to leave this world  
Even when we feel the sun and wind  
On our faces.  
Our happiness with our friends  
And the constant beauty of our earth.

Our world is collapsing around us  
Pollution, crime, greed and the people  
That care so little about life and living  
That, I am in a constant state of  
Anxiety and fear

We all know the countries  
That teach their young to machete arms and hands  
From the innocents.

War has been rampant for thousands of years  
How many have died needlessly?  
Only God knows  
And in his infinite wisdom  
When will he appear to us? .

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## A Story Often Quoted.

Walk past West 47th street  
There you will see the heartbreak  
Of New York.  
The six thousand bag ladies  
We see and all too soon forget.

This truly black mark on a rich city  
Had its setting when asylums and homes,  
Were opened and the patients became  
Street people, a lot of them sedated by medication they never took and never  
refilled.  
Flooding Manhattan to Brooklyn.

Unwashed, stinking with the rotten clothes,  
They wear permanently,  
Diseased both physically and mentally, leg sores crippling them  
Begging for help they so desperately need.

They are scared away from shelters due to the violence and assault  
And the way they are treated, like vermin.  
That is so common.  
My God this is New York, the big apple.  
A city that sweeps them away from the tourist areas  
Just before large conventions - so they do not ' bother ' anybody.

I'm tired of flogging a dead horse  
The problem gets no better  
And the frightening thing is,  
It could happen to all and sundry.  
God help corrupt and uncaring governments.  
God help the meek and helpless.  
God help we do something soon for our brothers and sisters.

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# A Year In Sussex.

It was a special time  
It was a special place  
Where we lived, loved and made bread.

I with fourteen other people  
Of the same thoughts and minds  
The confusion and our rules  
Somehow worked  
People of the street  
Girls looking like boys  
And visa versa

Yet everybody cared  
For everybody else  
No harsh words  
Lots of cuddles  
Listening to music  
Until the dawn  
When the clink of milk bottles  
Revived us for another day

My time there does not fade  
But becomes a distant, happy  
Nostalgic echo across the years.

(learning to live with others)

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## According To The News.

My phone is tapped  
My mail examined.  
My mere appearance  
Can cause anger.

My Doctors files  
Are Government knowledge.  
So -  
What else do they know?  
We live in an an age of pretence  
That all is safe and correct.

George Orwells spirit  
Hovers near.  
In these times of fearfull 1933  
No one, and yet no one  
Would believe in a Police State  
This is 2006  
And I fear the future.

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## And Counting.....

The cost of freedom for the USA  
Is in the trillions of dollars for their arsenal  
Empires expand like a balloon  
And then collapse.

Britain, France, Belgium and others  
All took countries in their stride  
Now there is the European common market.  
Another disaster.

Once the globe was nearly red for the UK  
In the name of Victoria  
Now awards are given - the OBE and MBE with others.  
Mere trinkets  
Britain has no empire.

We that forget their past are living on borrowed time  
It was only sixty odd years ago  
That Germanys venom mixed with their love of music  
Seduced the populace with terror.

Why is our planet overwhelmed with hatred  
For differences in race, creed and religion?  
Basted with paranoia

Time runs short for us all,  
Through our ignorance and greed  
A veil has been drawn over our faces  
So to look into the future is an impossible vision.

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# As We Sit Back.

Conflicts continue to rock our world  
Which I naively hoped would resolve themselves  
Countries supplied by weapon salesmen  
Which continue to bring starvation, disease  
And only war.

Humans have a unique way of cruelty  
So many civil wars, I have lost count  
Together with our subtle ways of dissent  
Black against white and vice versa

Why must there be Poverty in rich nations  
The spokesmen for our religions  
Foment paranoia and bigotry  
How many millions more must die  
In the name of God.

Man never seems to learn from conflicts  
I always wonder which companies, chemical and otherwise  
Benefit from terror and death

I suppose people do not care for each other anymore  
The old adage, ' I'm all right jack '  
Should fly aloft like flags  
I am tired of the news  
I tire of them that care only for themselves  
As the world plunges into the abyss  
I cover my face and weep..

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# Banned Book Day

The roar of flames  
And crackle of wood  
Together with the thud  
Of books guaranteed  
To terrify a rogue government  
65 years ago is as clear  
Today as the dark day it happened.

Look forward today  
As the lists of banned books  
By our finest writers  
Are listed by the fascists  
As unclean  
They deem them dangerous and corrupting  
The born again christian  
Spits his bile at Harry Potter -  
The happy childlike happiness and excitement  
Written for their joy  
It happened then -  
As it happens now.

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# Bohemia

Are different thoughts really different?

In ways of dress

Black eyeliner

Long and black beribboned hair?

Who lived and were forgotten

In the 60's?

They were gleefully different

But easily dismissed as youth

And are now copied as a phase

I realised late in life how different

Eccentric and utterly interesting

Quentin Crisp was.

And how I would have liked to talk to him and hopefully be a friend.

But death erased him although

He hovers in my mind.

Being a Bohemian is a way of life I love

Love of Books, poetry and life

Although people stare

It buoys me up

Because I am not like you

And very careful who I let

Through the door

No keeping up with the joneses

But keeping people special.

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# Brighton Beach.

It was always a special treat  
Off to the seaside  
A long ride, tempered by the fact  
That a great treat was in store.

Entering the town of Brighton  
So busy! the hundreds of tourists  
Buying all novelty items made of candy  
Visiting the chamber of horrors and other sensations.

Looking down the streets you could see the sea  
Sparkling and glinting  
The smell of ozone, strong and exciting  
Combining with the greasy fish and chip bars  
That made the seaside what it was.

The beach of pebbles - no sand here  
Always crowded with screaming children  
Others wedged into rental deck chairs  
Elderly men with a knotted handkerchiefs  
Covering their bald spots.

The exciting cold water, a joy to splash in  
Fun to be in as well as out  
The long afternoons  
Stayed until the sun went in  
And time to leave  
Salty and very tired, too tired for supper  
But with a happiness always remembered.

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# Chemistry Of Love.

4pm, outside a wine bar  
Glasses in hand, the bottle  
Half empty - on the glass topped table.

We speak of love -  
Love of things we own and care for  
Love of ourselves, and each other.

The wine tastes better as time moves on  
Blood red and with a different taste  
As my eyes focus on you.

Your look comes alive as it  
Remembers authors, Anais anin and Diane di Prima,  
We talk of their writings  
As eroticism rises  
We move closer.

The bottle empties slowly,  
And then we rise  
Hand in hand,  
Saying nothing to each other  
We walk to our apartment.

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# Christmas 2004 (In Memoriam)

Hot, sunny and bright  
So pleased to be here at Christmas  
Away from grey and wet europe  
Making the most of this God blessed Island.

People shouting and running, terrified cries  
Of stricken English and Thai  
A huge mass of water has swept the beach  
And rams quickly into the Hotels, Shops and Houses.

Water thickened by cars, beach furniture, debris and bodies  
Engulf everything.  
Boiling and destructive it sweeps in  
Destroying and killing without compunction.

I cling to and climb a cocoanut palm  
Hold it in a death grip, watching  
In horror as this day becomes  
A killing ground.

What seems like hours the water recedes  
And I see the dead, face down  
And turning in the current, like leaves in a pond.

Native women are wailing and sand -covered children  
Crying names of people screamed at the receding water.  
I descend from my tree and cover my eyes  
I want to cry but I can only wail  
At this punishment of happy people  
On a clear, hot day.

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# Churchyard Sunday.

The churchyard gates had been opened  
Hours ago.  
Waiting for the carriage taking its sad burden forward,

The church service had finished its service.  
With people emerging into the grey afternoon  
Thinking of this sad exercise  
The young confused and tearful.

Casket looking shiny, and ready  
For use in a modern world  
Except it to be consigned to  
Muddy earth and standing water  
Watched silently against the  
Soft weeping of family.

Slowly, the sad burden  
Is lowered with absolute silence  
The sweet fragrance of flowers  
Overcome with wet coats and umbrellas  
Another small human tragedy  
Another life's history ended.

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## Desert Muses.

God, I am hot and sticky and thirsty.  
Gatorade and Coke slosh in my stomach  
Not keeping my thirst at bay.  
My new uniform is wet and uncomfortable  
Causing heat rash and a feeling of dirt.

I adjust my Ray Bans and try to feel like a seasoned warrior  
I'm not though  
Just a seasoned kid way out of his league  
With a wife and mortgage and an out of date car I am still paying for.

I read my letters time and time again  
It feels so bizarre from home to here  
I am lonely and do not seek out my friends  
With their false bonhomie  
Scared as I am.

Her words upset me as I think of time wasted without her and the kids  
The hurt almost physical.  
I want to go home.  
On a plane - not in an aluminium casket.  
This is a place of mind numbing boredom  
And sudden bursts of activity.

I look at the blue sky and blinding sand and rock  
And think of a person I got to know for a short while.  
Blasted into pieces with a home made enemy mine  
Picked up in a poncho with his broken glasses found  
Three hundred feet away.

He did not know what killed him, or why.  
We think of him and its the first time I have seen seasoned soldiers cry.  
And wonder at their own mortality.

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## Dying Young.

Oh God, their young faces  
Glowing with an unknown anticipation  
On this day of their graduation  
Very young and barely shaving  
Always be the baby to mom,  
This could be the rubber stamp  
On their death certificates.

So young, they seem like children to me,  
High school learning, books and friends,  
To become killing, fields of fire and weapons.  
The look of shock of the badly injured, the complete stillness  
Of the dead.  
What was his mother doing the moment he died?  
We continue to send our flower of youth,  
To the killing fields.  
Sons, cousins and our friends.  
God bless the peacemaker, God will call them his children.

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# Every Day.

In all honesty, war is with us to stay  
If not war, then it's civil war.  
Turn on your neighbour, whom you have  
Known and become very good friends except  
For that changed day.  
Hate manifesting itself like a terminal cancer,  
Fed with racism, bigotry, fear  
And a touch of religion.

Children brought up to hate  
Are the new generation.  
It will be their children  
That will continue on, with this terrible and  
Sad way of existence.

It has only been 65 years  
Since the damaged soldier, return home  
Hating what he had seen and done.

Now it seems like a video game  
Surreal, with the images of death, as we eat our supper.  
We have had 2,000 years  
To be what our creator wanted us to be  
And failed bitterly.

I will not live to see a glorious ending.  
We fight and will continue to do so.  
I had so many hopes in the 1960's  
Dashed by Governments and their war mongers  
Surely we can overcome hate  
But when?

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## Greenwich Village, March 2004

It has to be a place to visit once in your life.  
Changes have happened,  
Buildings rebuilt  
But it is still magical greenwich village.

Remember the names of Dylan Thomas, Allen Ginsberg and  
Jack Kerouac and the faded names, remembered  
Now but for a few magical time they were here..

The numerous coffee and book shops  
Attract me magnetically  
As I read with my endless capuccino

In the morning light, the old sidewalks and streets  
A memory of New York  
I can almost see the spirits of Anais nin and Henry Miller  
I think so, I hope so - I came here as a lover to an old friend.

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## Highgate Cemetary - 3pm

The citadel of Victorian death  
Monuments sinking or neglected.  
Tall grass obscures all but the most ostentatious tomb.  
It always says to me sorrow, forgetting and decay.  
But in the times of the Victorian attraction and celebration of death.  
Coaches with plumed and snorting horses,  
Carrying the bereaved, wove their sad journey to a place of silence,  
Away from the sun and calm breezes.  
Permanence. I reflect on the catacombs below,  
Still with the heavy burdens laid over a hundred years ago.  
Their resting places still with fragments of cloth and still recognizable  
Wreaths on the barred and locked gates, silent with stalagmites of rust. I think  
back to those years of sorrow and wonder if these families still Exist  
10 minutes later I am overlooking the sprawl of London with the noise And  
traffic.  
And try to piece together the two extremes.

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## Hot, Sticky Sidewalk.

It is 11 pm and the 100th time  
I think back on my lifetime  
Of mostly successes.  
Life diminishing as age creeps  
Upon you.  
As my friend said,  
'Old age is a cruel joke'.

I stupidly thought that as age progresses  
Someone or something would look after me.  
Give me warmth, food and shelter.  
My food today, being a piece of pizza  
Out of the 7-11 dumpster.  
And endless bitter coffee, from the shelters.

It took a while but I have  
Got used to insults and practice jokes  
From the young.  
I sometimes think of telling them  
That I was at Woodstock  
Supporting the supergroups.  
Yeah! I was hip!

Everything went well until I lost my job,  
My health insurance and my home.  
The people you see were once married,  
Had jobs and had our earthly treasures.  
We are the fathers, mothers, sons and daughters  
Caught in a web, we cannot escape from.  
I don't need much now  
Just to be fed and kept warm.  
Instead, it is a whirlpool of despair  
Please don't ignore me.  
We are legion.

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# I Belong To The Battlefield.

I had my family, my father so proud  
Of me in uniform.

He treated me this one time as his equal,  
Buying me a drink, chattering drunkenly  
Of the Boche, until I slunk away, ashamed  
Of his bile and venom.

On the day that telegram was delivered  
What did he say?  
Proud I did my bit, or proud that he was the father?

I was missing, and I stayed that way.  
The telegram became yellowed and then  
Just a curiosity.

I still lay in the flanders mud,  
Laying in the same way as I fell  
All those long years ago.

My cigarette box and pen,  
All gifts for my hubris survive.

Green stained brass and copper ammunition  
Surround me.  
Together with rusted iron that killed me.

Friends and politicians moved on  
From this horror to another.  
Maybe one day a farmers plough  
Will return me to the wind and sky.

I will then be only a curiosity,  
Not 19 years and very frightened and lonely.  
Another yellowed photograph in the scrapbook.

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# I Have Dreamed.....

Hold me, touch me  
Let me melt into you  
I want to become a part of your being  
I want to love your soul.

All the years have passed  
And having to love you from afar  
I wish to be in your thoughts  
And keep you near me.

I really do not know if you have thought about me  
The love I have held for you  
My thoughts of your person  
Hurt me and me wishing you were here.

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# I Have This Feeling.....

Here, we turn on the television  
And always looking at the newest  
Armour, munitions, weapons.  
Almost like a carpet advert.

I always laughed about ' sabre rattling '  
But we are bombarded with patriot acts,  
Street cameras, which we take with a pinch of salt,  
Together with a touch of those mysterious  
Black eyes and bruised lips  
By those special men in cars.

Orwell wrote that it might never be like this  
But something like this will happen  
He died in 1950,  
But the seed was already sown.

And, now we are subjected  
To political daily ramblings  
Who is the superpower who, on a daily basis  
Threatens third world countries  
(Invades them and tries to take over - and gets thrown out)  
I have a feeling that we will be terminated  
By a 10,000 degree disagreement  
So the poor, homeless, disturbed street people  
Will be taken care of by a caring government.

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# I Wonder.....

I wrote this as a rebuff to the Governments, ' all is well '

I at times repeat myself  
But it is only wrong that I have perceived.

Government statistics mean nothing to me  
When I see the almost continual  
Hatred for people of colour, violence and  
The subtle yet persistant  
Lies and blocked ears  
Of the Government I despair.

Then, why do people ignore persistant wrong?  
As I have aged  
I I find people indifferent to the homeless  
The street people and the climbing violence

The military downright scare me with their tactics  
They stay when called and the murderous madness begins.

Even flying usually an excitement  
Has become a chore  
Bodily searches and the officer putting on their ' iron man 'look  
As he scans your name and flicks your passport back  
No joking here!

I wonder where we are going  
But always remember  
Friends are all.

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# I'M Not Invisible.

I'm trying to work out in my mind  
Why the night shelter demands  
10 Dollars a night to rest out of the cold  
And danger, when to beg for it is unlawful  
How else do I obtain it?

Its also illegal for a poor mexican that wants to feed his family to  
Gain entry into thr US.  
But who picks the crops?  
All double standards.

Try to be like me.  
Being poor is are not black or white,  
Or middle or lower class.  
You are nothing.

Treatment of our kind  
Means bedding in shelters  
Treated like filth, chased away by storekeepers  
Moved on or locked up by the Police.

We have no voice, and no face  
But I never wanted to be like this.  
It happened on a maelstrom of divorce  
House loss and job loss.  
But you see us everyday  
Except you turn away  
And try not to meet our eyes.

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# In Memorium

I always believed in permanence  
Happy days remembered  
Childhood, slow and achingly  
Endless.

As my years progressed  
Changes, so slow to be subtle  
Gently remind us we are getting older  
And as we age  
We lose aspects of life.

I remember Dad, so muscular and handsome  
Time drifted us slowly apart  
At his end, a part of me died too  
Fleeting, as tears on your cheek.

My Mother I always thought invincible  
Never complaining and always cheerful.  
When my father died  
She shrunk away each day by inches  
Not wanting to wake to an empty bed  
Or a cup of tea for one  
Her suffering was not unnoticed  
And when she could face no more  
Dying by inches  
Became yards-----  
When she died  
My thoughts of mortality  
Became fixed----permanent.

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# India

No food,  
No hope  
The old man  
Is past caring.  
But the boy laughs  
At his peeling skin.

He has no hope either  
But being young  
He thinks nothing is hopeless  
When you are alive,  
Even a swollen belly.

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# Invisible Tears

Once again confusion reigns  
' Thou shalt not kill '  
But it is seperated  
By the Military  
And the 'policy ' makers.

When they decide to act  
Women, children and old men die  
Suffering and death becomes normal  
Something for the media to exploit  
Our new definitions name it all  
Collateral damage, friendly fire

It all boils down to one thing  
A flag covered coffin ready for all the drama  
And the decimated foriegn family  
Forgotten.

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## It Carries On.

Although much has been written  
About the aftermath of battle  
My time for the last four years has been a trial  
And a terrible combination of comments and compassion

All my writings have been about the 1st and 2nd world wars  
All have told of the terrible silence  
The smell of cordite  
And the smell of death.

The battlefield always seems to be scattered with paper  
From photo's of loved ones  
And letters pulled from khaki pockets  
In their last agonies  
Was it comfort they sought? or desperation.  
When the soldier is young, invincibility  
Reigns amongst youth.

And after the battle appear the looters  
Ripping pockets and packs, discarding treasures  
From the twisted and wide eyed  
Children of the day  
We have learnt nothing about war except  
The tragedy, tears and unconsoluble hurt.

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# Join The Army

Choking smoke  
Rolling thunder  
The forgotten soldier  
Still cries for his mother  
Crouching still  
with blood stench steaming  
The forgotten soldier  
Has lost all feeling.

Shocked eyes glance  
From corpse strewn clay  
Where wide eyed shattered  
children lay  
Time stands still  
With no solid floor  
He is reborn -  
To face the eternal war.

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# Last Song Of The Whale.

Whales must think of humans as a paradox.  
We rent boats to photograph them and listen  
Overcome with emotion  
To the to haunting cries from the deep.

Whilst we think of these wonderful and  
Intelligent creatures,  
Crews in boats will be out there  
With their explosive tipped harpoons  
Chasing them until exhaustion sets in.

Dull thud and a missile finds its mark  
Blood fountains in the air  
Slow death as the lungs are ruptured  
Then brought to the side of the whaling ship  
They are stripped of their fat and flesh.

They are beautiful and graceful -  
But how can anyone see them in the wild and hear  
Their graceful song - their song of freedom  
And wish this barbarous death  
On a treasure of the sea.

Our childrens children will see their end  
Only see them in text books  
Man - the killer of beauty and legend

These are mammals with warm blood  
And the tradgedy is -  
They should not have to die.

willow moon pearce

## Look Back.

Our lives seem to be governed.  
Is this ' fate '  
When I grew up there were  
Always the leaders and followers,  
And the tiny group of ' different ' students.

Why did most of us leave learning at sixteen?  
Get a job we wanted and started our lives  
Why did some go to university?  
And come back wise, untainted by our lives.

And come back they did, as lawyers, doctors and accountants  
Snobbery ingrained, and friends forgotten  
Was this the start of the class system,  
All those years ago?

I was labelled ' different 'because of my thoughts and  
Early love of books and poetry  
Difference I embraced eagerly, fueled by  
Ginsberg, Kerouac, Tom Wolfe, the engine  
Of the beat generation.

All these years and the wise ones  
Still will not talk, much to my good humour  
Maybe that was the start of life  
Or the curse of 'class '

willow moon pearce

# Lost In Flanders (In Memory Of My Grandfather)

I remember well, the curse of Sarajevo  
My friends cheering, the black line  
'We will be home before Christmas'.  
I joined because friends had joined.  
Friends always.  
Haunted by the poster saying,  
'What did you do in the war dad'?

I survived the training, a young, well read  
healthy man.  
Sworn at and cursed by the old Boer war  
Survivors.  
Putting on the loose, ill fitting uniform  
Like sheep. Docile sheep.  
Trying to believe what I was doing was right.

When the fighting began, I was in a trench.  
Stinking mud of bodies, faeces and rats.  
The noise of the guns, thundering and scarring me.  
So there is no sleep and I cannot think.

Whistles blowing, shouts of the officers  
Making me mount the ladder and see  
No-mans land for the first time.  
Is this what I am fighting for?  
Before I could think anymore,  
A punch in the chest drops me to the  
Dirt, soldiers treading on me.  
I cannot breathe and I want to sleep.  
I am far from home.

willow moon pearce

# Luna

This night, so special

My longing for your pale

Beauty.

I have waited for your

Presence

With moods that change like phases.

A living part of deep

Solitude.

Thoughts and feelings

Rise and fall

Bringing fear and a trembling

Lassitude,

Until monochrome becomes

Vibrant again.

Beauty surpasses life itself.

I will wait for you again,

Always.

willow moon pearce



# Morning In Rwanda.

I sit sharpening my machete  
With a faint ring of steel on steel  
The blade has been worn down  
With a passion of sharpness.

Wooden handle, black with sweat and old blood  
Chipped but serviceable.  
I try hard not to remember  
The last time steel bit bone  
The last time the machete and I killed.

Shrill screaming, accusations and decades  
Of unforgiving hate  
A lot of it made up by the last minister in power.  
Yet, the effect being the same.  
Your friend becomes your enemy.  
Death being the answer.

I cannot sleep at night  
The memories of my actions  
And screams of terror,  
Keep me up, sweating in panic and self loathing.  
This nightmare is shared amongst my friends  
All who killed for what they believed in.

I have blood on my hands  
That I cannot wash off  
And the rest of my life  
To remember the hate, terror and murder  
That I helped inflict that night.

willow moon pearce

# Multimedia Mania.

When does it all begin?  
The game cartridges for children  
That enter their growing minds  
Like a form of cancer  
With death, destruction and -  
The winner being the most savage.

All the airwaves with television  
Fill their minds with a desensitization  
Of anger, hate and violence  
(Wow, this is so real)  
Is this normal?  
Or a normal day in their life?

In my life the years of growing  
Was filled with books and of friendships  
Both of which I still have  
No wads of money  
Slowly poisoning my mind  
But important things  
That grew with me.

Yes, we grew up with imagination  
Not with big brother  
poisoning our minds.  
And knowing the consequences.

willow moon pearce

# My Summer Island.

A happy day  
Light at 6 am  
Already the warmth creeps in  
Enriching my cup of coffee.

Bees buzz at eye height  
Busy and not caring for your presence.  
Pollen and home again  
A peaceful life.

Down to the shoreline  
Where the wash of waves  
Will put you in a doze  
Propped against a rock  
Or laid out on the beach.

Bright blue sky,  
Not a cloud in sight  
Make me reach for sunglasses  
And strip off my top.

The sand, bright pink  
Adds a beauty,  
That visitors will remember  
And come back as always.

willow moon pearce

# New Blood - Old Sand

I feel almost invincible  
My flack jacket is heavy  
But hidden with a silent promise.  
My weapon is state of the art  
With it, I am combat efficient  
And ready.

It is hot and the strenght  
Drains out of me.  
I am wasted at 10 am  
Uncomfortable, wet and miserable.  
Look at me! G.I. Joe at 22.

With home made explosive devices  
The enemy take a heavy toll.  
This morning two tarpaulin covered dead  
Are brought in, the plastic is shapeless  
And bloody.

The smell of roadkill back home  
Waftes in the air.  
Reinforced by a feeling of  
Pity and horror,  
To my everlasting sorrow.  
I think about the ice-cold Coke  
In the cooler, and walk towards it.

willow moon pearce

## Oh! But A Wish.

To wake and find no war  
On television would be a dream  
Pair it with no violence,  
No homeless, it would be a vision.

I consider if it would be possible then,  
If leaders, Presidents and Prime Ministers  
Could put away their differences  
And listen to their people.

A huge percentage would want peace  
A huge percentage could sleep safely at night.  
Scared of the nation with the strongest army  
Stopping the 'if I forget about it, it will go away'.

Man has brought war into our homes  
For as long as he has walked the earth.  
When will it end?  
I suppose it could, but too many people  
Live a good life, the parasites that make  
War profitable.

willow moon pearce

# Old Graveyard

At first I saw  
A mass of crosses and lichen stained Angels  
Lambs and tombstones

It was an old burial ground  
And walking it took all afternoon  
It was quiet, warm and the drone of insects  
turned it into a sleepy haven

I stood and read the epitaphs And sadly realized how young they died  
I stood where mourners wept and the sad caskets were lowered  
The quiet and the simplicity of death -  
It washed over me  
And I found peace at last.

willow moon pearce

# One Step Forward, Two Steps Back.

Almost unbelievable, this home TV.  
It tells me that Mars might have had water  
Eons ago.  
We cannot breath or survive on its' surface.  
It is red hot or freezing  
With billions that have been spent on this fruitless exercise.

Of course, we could change channels  
And watch the newest in armanents.  
An exercise in patience.

The class act watches on the market,  
Still means that my cheap plastic one keeps better time.  
Jeans with a designer label, no better than my Levis.  
Trends of what he has to have,  
Promoted by overpriced magazines.  
START THINKING FOR YOURSELVES.

Sadly we look up to the up and coming  
Yuppie slimebag.  
Who walks Broadway with that special air of arrogance.  
Thinking of whom to fire as he reaches work.  
Grimacing at the street people,  
Whose intelligence supersedes his.

In my lifetime, I hope to see a difference  
With no street people,  
No elderly sitting in their own urine,  
No more thought of doctor and drugs,  
Or no food for the week.  
We must change.

willow moon pearce

## Please Do Not Turn Away.

Again, the newspapers are full off  
More intense war crimes.  
Most of which will not see any justice.  
Their actions and atrocities when read from the newspaper or internet  
Or photographed, are enough to make a person very angry and  
Nauseated.

Our trusted allies have made a huge mistake in their invasion of Iraq  
What would have happened if their national produce had been cauliflowers?  
(and not oil)  
The detention camps arranged to make the prisoners embarrassed and  
humiliated have a touch of the Russian gulag.

Who remembers My Lai and the careful cover up?  
The young kids shot by the military in Ohio.  
Did anybody get into trouble for murder?  
Not even a monument or marker.  
We know these things happen in war.

Bring back the kids before they are permanently and socially damaged.

willow moon pearce



## Simple Thought.

We have the news and television to make us all feel uncomfortable  
Scared and paranoid of our world  
Thousands of children die worldwide and we try to tuck it away  
Poverty stricken and homeless citizens of a great nation  
Become a 'burden', targets of our indignation.  
Yet, we forget this tragedy  
And root for the next unmanned mission to Mars.  
Become so patriotic for this waste of money,  
Oh Yeah, lets not forget the millions paid out for an unpopular war.  
It's a war hated by millions.

But come the day when strangers stop and help you  
Good friends come by for coffee  
And the chat about that last book read  
Waking up to a beautiful day  
Is the essence of life  
The highlight of the day  
Without friends we are just a shell.

willow moon pearce

# Something At The Back Of Your Mind.

If I had done something wonderful in my life  
Or left a book with my name in print  
Would that be my immortality?

Or is immortality a done deal  
If you believe in Christ  
Then where are the rules?

Kindness, love and an attitude  
That would please Christ  
Surely that is the answer?

Man interferes and proposes  
A complete turn  
Even if there has been murder  
Theft or a lapse in the ten  
Commandments  
Be born again  
What is that?

In my life I have learnt  
And seen people savaged  
By corruption and fear

In the next life will  
All of us be there?  
Good or bad?  
The holocaust survivor  
And the men that sent  
Thousands to their death?

It is the eternal question.

willow moon pearce

## South Shore.

5am and I enter the beach  
Immediately there is a strong definition  
Of land and sea.

From the sea comes the hiss  
Of receding water.  
From the land - darkness  
But with an overwhelming scent  
Of the land locked bushes and trees  
And the night blooming sirius.

My feet press into the pink sand.  
Which hardens where it meets the sea  
As I continue -

To look at the heavens  
Is a true acceptance  
Of the quiet and the joy of the stars  
And the constallations  
With the salt air  
Timeless  
Another free experience  
Of this earth  
Available to all.

willow moon pearce

# Sylvia

Tell me again you love me  
As the cold rain beats  
And storm clouds gather again.

Hold me and tell me of life  
Free from phantoms  
As distant thunder rolls.

Kiss away the fears  
    waiting  
In the morning  
Blur the unknown spirits  
That settle in my soul.

willow moon pearce

# Taught Racism

Children are born blind to hate and bigotry  
With their big smiles and loving ways  
They are taught ugliness  
By unthinking adults and overheard conversation  
This makes them use words and terms that for generations  
Have caused hate and bitterness  
To our fellow man.

Yes, they are taught, not born  
To this social cancer.  
I once asked a black friend how he would like  
To be addressed?  
Black, afro-american or just coloured.  
No he said - just call me friend.

willow moon pearce

# The Captive

It was complete  
A full measure Of ignorance and fear  
Compounded from the new  
And changes no one could believe

It was strange  
Suddenly standing there  
Almost a captive audience  
Although I was the captive

But really I tried  
Believe that!  
Only the years I needed  
For talking turned to minutes  
And then -  
Before I could scratch  
Their cold unsmiling  
Emotions  
My time ran out  
And I died.

willow moon pearce

# The Luminous Eye.

Television scares me.  
It frightens me silly.  
Our best known channels transmit  
The worst of human disasters  
Comets hurtling towards earth  
Mega-quakes. Mega-tsunamis,  
Tornadoes, and generally the  
End of this earth.

Television stations seem to love this carnage  
Mixed together with the atrocity of war and starvation  
The fear factor reaches out  
And startles us.

To add a touch of the macabre  
We are told by experts unknown to most  
When and where this will all happen  
' The Rapture ', cry the tv believers  
' You must be born again ', they reply  
With a knowing grin.

Saddened, I turn to my books  
Of Ginsberg, Leary and Kerouak  
Lean over and turn the damned thing off.

willow moon pearce

# The New Soldier

I wanted to become a soldier  
An army of one  
To please my father and excite  
My juvenile ambition

But all I have seen  
Is dead children and old men  
I have aged in a few months  
And found bitterness

My tent buddy is dead  
Another statistic for the army  
A bad dream for me  
And horror I will never forget

In forty years will I still cry  
At my companies dinners  
Wonder why I was there at all  
Will I be uncomfortable to be with  
As I cannot forget the commandment,  
' Thou shalt not kill '.

willow moon pearce



## The Other Side.

Friends we used to be  
Coffee and long talks  
In the early morning.  
Supper and laughter in the evening.

Weekends, always filled with things to do,  
Always interesting and filled with the feeling  
Only good friends share.

I never did find out why they all evaporated  
In a bleak few years.  
Retreating one by one,  
Invites fewer and then nothing  
Was it my thoughts, or hair or slightly different humour and lifestyle?

Not understanding, I continued to invite them.  
But no response, my feelings and the years we spent together  
Hurt / Badly hurt.  
A bleak curtain descends.

I fail to understand and retreat into myself and my books  
My comfort, lasting, always there  
I can always see them again  
My sad part is I begin to dislike them, always trying to analyse  
I pass them in the street, saying nothing and becoming paranoid -  
Hurt beyond words  
Not a call from them on one important day.  
They are ghosts to me now  
Like the long dead.

willow moon pearce

# Tired, But Cannot Sleep.

I really do not need that much in life.  
I have a small refurbished house, loads of books  
And an eccentric cat and dog, with a comfy bed.

I am powered each month by two modest pensions,  
Which keeps me in important things and bills, always on time.  
The horrors to me in life have always been homelessness,  
Poverty and an uncaring Clique of the rich and upcoming.  
You know, the nouveau riche, who dispose of the sights and scenes  
They see with getting a new toy and a resounding ' why will not the lazy  
bums work'?

Nobody wants to be homeless or sick, with  
A sense of shame that drives them to the institutional  
Shelters, parks or a shop front doorway.  
We will not live forever, but will we leave them any legacy to help them?  
Instead of the filth, degradation and insults that is their day.

To me it is like banging your head against a brick wall.  
It continues - what will you do?

willow moon pearce

# Totally Confused.

Far below us there are salt mines  
From ancient seas.  
And fossils from millions of  
Of years ago.

But yet I am told that they were put there  
To confuse the evolutionists  
There is Gods plan.  
What plan is that I ask myself.

When millions of soldiers and non-combatants  
Died in the two World wars, and a holocaust that decimated the jewish, old men,  
children and women.  
People that died in terror.  
Where was he?

Appearing at a time of disaster or war  
Would it be wonderful  
To see a great hope.  
Can you imagine the media!  
War is no more, diseases are controlled.

It confuses me because I have belief in him.  
Yet no one has returned with the good news,  
In 2000 years.  
I really want' to see him  
But he is like an uncle that I never see.

willow moon pearce

# Unwrapping Your Present.

Being thankful for what I got as a gift, as a child

It was different when I was a child  
Money was short, and spent  
On items of importance  
Not trivialities.

Birthdays and holidays  
Were big in family excitement  
But short on gifts  
One present received had to be treasured for a long time

No bicycles, no scooters  
But joy of joy  
Book tokens, an admission into another world!

Times have changed  
And the present has become presents  
The ten dollars  
Have become four hundred dollars and more  
Are gifts like this usual?  
Sadly yes  
Think about this  
Are they a form of blackmail?  
Keeping up with the Joneses  
Or afraid of rejection from the child

I suppose time will tell  
But I was always happy with what I got  
My book tokens were a double whammy  
Receiving them  
And dreaming of what I could choose.

Written after talking to four adolescents.

willow moon pearce

# Victorian Graveyard/London

Tombstones lean back and forth  
Like a snagged old mouth  
So close together  
They meld into stunning marble splendour

Pathways are blocked, overgrown and easy to fall  
Catacombs barred to the rapists of our legacy  
Dare I say that the Victorians  
Treasured and built their monuments -  
Maybe their way of being remembered  
Always.

I cannot think of the deceased in their black plumed  
Horse and carriages  
Without the feeling that someday I will be here  
Amongst the people I have always respected  
In the dappled light with no sound.  
Why does this haven bring me comfort.

willow moon pearce

# Why Colour?

Wandering through my library the other day  
I was astonished.  
A new subject was Black Writers  
I thought a writer was a writer  
I never saw the difference.

Does it mean that we write differently?  
I have been reading black poets for a long time  
Enjoyed their words, I did not think of colour.

It upset me because it is a form of 'hidden racism'  
Like having a get together and someone says,  
'Bill and Lynette are coming over, they are black you know'.

None of this bigotry should be applied to the arts.  
There is enough for a lifetime  
There is enough hate  
Too many people to spread it  
And lastly, the last person you would expect.

Talking to black friends over this issue.

willow moon pearce

## Wine As A Woman.

Not to be gulped  
But sipped as a fine wine  
I find your complexity  
Overwhelming, a wine to be savoured  
And remembered.

You were never to be present at a wine tasting  
Too fine for that.  
But as glass clinks  
And eyes meet  
I remember your glow  
And I need to want you  
Time and again.

willow moon pearce

# You Are There At The Back Of My Mind.

Why are you in my thoughts  
Even in my dreams?  
Get behind me!  
For I am not a hateful person  
But I come close at the thought of you.

The slick suited man who fixes the prices  
With the amazing salary at his demand  
The globe trotting little man  
Who offers food and help  
But as always his army (peacekeepers of course)  
Creating disharmony and the thought of invasion.

Think of wars either forgotten or now a solid  
Trading partner.  
The high rise heroes  
That run YOUR life  
Tell YOU what to do  
And if not, a notation in a government file.

I hate these people that would ignore me  
Run my life as they see fit.  
They run down freedom of speech  
Argue with the homeless  
Worry about their little kingdom, after work.

willow moon pearce